

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely bar the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lack aduancement.

Ros. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King himselve for your succession in *Denmarke*.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but wile the grasse grows, the prouerb is something musty, oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Gu. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouern these ventages with your fingers, & the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musique, look you, these are the stops.

Guyl. But these cannot I command to any vtrance of harmony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why look you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mysterie, you would sound me from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'blood do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what Instrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camell?

Pol. By'th masse and tis like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is black like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

Prince of De

Ham. Then I will come to m
They fool me to the top of my
Leaue me friends.

I will, say so. By and by is eas

Tis now the very witching tin

When Church-yards yawne.

Contagion to this world: no

And do such businesse as the b

Would quake to looke on: so

O heart loose not thy nature!

The soule of *Nero* enter this fi

Let me be cruell, not vnnatura

I will speak dagger to her, bu

My tongue and soule in this b

How in my words someuer fl

To giue them scales neuer my

Enter King, Rosencra

King. I like him not, nor fl

To let his madnesse range, the

I your commission will forthv

And he to *England* shall along

The termes of our estate may

Hazard so neer's as doth hou

Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our selues pr

Most holy and religious feare

To keep those many many bo

That liue and feed vpon your

Ros. The single and peculiar

With all the strength and arm

To keep it selfe from noyance

That spirit, vpon whose weal

The liues of many, the cesse o

Dies not alone; but like a gu

What's neere it, with it, or it

Fixt on the somnet of the hig

To whose huge spokes, ten th

Are mortcist and adioynd, w